

A Wreath in an Ice Cake.

A WREATH of Australian wild flowers in a block of ice recently arrived in England to be placed on the Unknown Warrior's grave in Westminster Abbey. When thawed flowers were as fresh as when gathered.



Magazine Page



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the capture of Jerusalem in 70 A. D. The temples, theaters and architectural works completed under Herod were laid in ruins and the story of ancient Jerusalem came to a close.

Robert W. Chambers' THE STREETS OF ASCALON Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

A Spirited and Swiftly Moving Romance of Hearts and High Society, by the Greatest Living Master of Fiction.

By Robert W. Chambers. Whose Novels Have Won Him International Fame.

"Do you think so?" she said, lip between her teeth. "Don't you?"

"No."

"I do. . . . But it's your unknown self I'm afraid of, Strelsa. God alone knows what it may do to both of us."

"There is no other self! What do you mean?"

"There are two others—not this intellectual, friendly, kindly, visible self that offers friendship and accepts it—not even the occult, aloof, spiritual self that I sometimes see brooding in your gray eyes—"

"There is no other!" she said, flushing and rising to her feet. "Is it dead?"

"It never lived!"

"Then," he said coolly, "it will be born as sure as I stand here—born to complete the trinity." He glanced out over the lake, then swung around sharply. "You are wrong. It has been born. And that unknown self is hostile to me; and I know it!"

They walked toward the house together, silent for a while. Then she said: "I think we have talked some nonsense. Don't you?"

"You haven't."

"You're a generous boy; do you know it?"

"You say so."

"Oh, I'll cheerfully admit it. If you weren't you'd detest me—perhaps despise me."

"Men don't detest or despise a hurt and frightened child."

"But a selfish and cowardly woman? What does a man of your sort think of her?"

"I don't know," he said. "Whatever you are I can't help loving you."

She strove to laugh, but her mouth suddenly became tremulous. After a while when she could control her lips she said:

"I want to talk some more to you—and I don't know how; I don't know what I want to say except that—that—"

"What, Strelsa?"

"Please be—kind to me." She smiled at him, but her lips still quivered.

He said after a moment: "I couldn't be anything else."

"Are you very sure?"

"Yes."

"It means a great deal to me," she said.

They reached the house, but the motor party had not yet returned. Tea was served to them on the veranda; the fat setter came and begged for tastes of things that were certain to add to his obesity; and he got them in chunks and bolted them, wagging.

An hour later the telephone rang; it was Molly on the wire and she wanted to speak to Quarren. He could hear her laughing before she spoke:

"Ricky dear?"

"Yes."

"Am I an angel or otherwise?"

"Angel always—but why particularly at this instant?"

"Stupid! Haven't you had her alone all the afternoon?"

"Yes—you corks!"

"Well, then!"

"Molly, I worship you."

"Et apres?"

"I'll double that! I adore you also!"

None to Come.

"Content! What are you two doing?"

"Strelsa and I have been taking tea."

"Oh, is it 'Strelsa' already?"

"Very unwillingly on her part."

"It isn't 'Ricky, too, is it?"

"Alas! not yet!"

"No matter. The child is horribly lonely and depressed. What do you think I've done, very cleverly?"

Who's Who in "The Streets of Ascalon"

STRELSA LEEDS—A charming young widow, who comes to New York and is sponsored by one of the leaders of society.

RICHARD QUARREN—A gifted young idler, who falls in love with Strelsa.

LANGLY SPROWL—A multi-millionaire, who has determined to marry Strelsa, and who has explained his unsavory past to her by a seemingly frank talk.

SIR CHARLES MALLISON—A rich Englishman, who has long hoped to win Strelsa's heart.

MARY LEDWITH—Who, betrayed by

Sprowl, at last sees the good in Chester Ledwith, the husband she tossed aside.

THE EARL OF DANKMERE—Who brings over a lot of family pictures and incidentally starts Quarren on the road to usefulness.

MOLLY WYCHERLY—A great friend of Strelsa's, who breaks to Quarren the news that the young widow has lost all her money.

MRS. SPROWL—A Fifth avenue dowager, who undertakes a matrimonial campaign for Strelsa, hoping to marry her to Sir Charles Mallison.

A Delightful Romance in Which a Beautiful Girl Makes a Great Sacrifice for the Gifted Young Man She Loves.

"Shall I say it or do it?"

"Either."

"Then I'll recite something very, very precious—subtly, intricately, and psychologically precious."

"Oh, please do!"

"It's—it's about a lover."

She blushed.

"Do you mind?"

"You are the limit! Of course I don't!"

"It's about a lady, too."

"Naturally."

"And love—rash, precipitate, unwarranted, unrequited, and fatal love."

"I can stand it if you can," she said with the faintest glimmer of malice in her smile.

"All right. The title is: 'Oh, Love! Oh, Why?'"

"A perfectly good title," she said gravely. I always say 'why?' to Love."

So he bowed to her and began very seriously:

"Oh, Lover in haste, beware of Fate! Wait for a moment while I relate A harrowing tragedy up to date Of Innate Hate."

"A maiden rocked on her rocking-chair; Her store-curled stirred on the summer air; An amorous fly espied her there, So rare and fair."

"Before she knew where she was at, He'd kissed the maiden where she sat, And she batted him one which slapped him flat. Ker-apat! Like that!"

"Oh, Life! Oh, Death! Oh, swat-in-the-eye! Beyond the Bournes of the By-and-By, Spattered the soul of the amorous Fly."

Oh, Love! Oh, Why?"

She pretended to be overcome by the tragic pathos of the poem: "I cannot bear it," she protested: "I cannot endure the realism of that spattered soul. Why not let her wave him away and have him plunge headlong onto a sheet of fly-paper and die a buzzing martyr?"

Then, swift as a weather-vane swinging from north to south her mood changed once more and softened; and her fingers again began idling among the keys, striking vague harmonies.

He came across the room and stood looking down over her shoulder; and after a moment her hands ceased stirring, fell inert on the keys.

TOO SERIOUS.

A single red shaft of light slanted on the wall. It faded out to pink, lingered; and then the gray evening shadows covered it. The world outside was very still; the room was stiller, save for her heart, which only she could hear, rapid, persistent, beating the reveille.

She heard it and sat motionless: every nerve in her was sounding the alarm; every breath repeated the prophecy; and she did not stir, even when his arm encircled her. Her head, fallen partly back, rested a moment against his shoulder; she met his light caress with unresponsive lips and eyes that looked up blindly into his.

Then her face burned scarlet and she sprang up, retreating as he caught her slender hand.

"No!—please. Let me go! This is too serious—even if we did not mean it!"

"You know I mean it," he said simply.

"You must not! You understand why! . . . And don't again! I am not—I do not choose—to allow—endure—such things!"

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

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WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

By Ann Lisle.

Whose Present Serial Has Won a National-Wide Success.

"F" ORGIVE, Barbara Anne!" he cried contritely. "I was trying to be funny, and I know most folks who try to be funny are trying to be smart. I felt a little awkward about telling you how wonderful I think you've just been. You handled that advertising account like a trump. Your loyalty to the old shop is a heartening thing to see. And the editorial chair, which seemed several sizes too large and upholstered with tacks to boot, looks more comfy to me now. Your help has pulled us out of a hole again. By heck! It was a good day for the old sheet when you decided to come back and run it—darned if it wasn't."

Carl held out his hand, and I took it in a friendly grip.

"When will you be on the job regularly?" he asked in his old tone of boyish eagerness.

"I've several matters to clear up—"

"Can you make it the first of the week? Or do you want more time to get ready? Now I know you're coming, darned if I don't think I can do the work of three for a time—editor, advertising man, and confidential secretary to boot."

"You nice, funny, big-brother person," I laughed, freeing my hand from his paralyzing grip.

Carl's reply astonished me.

"What's that fat old duffer to you, anyway? Where did you meet him? He's all right as an advertising account, but he's an almighty bouncer and I can't have you knowing him!" he exclaimed.

I felt myself color. If this had been any other man but Carl I would have reminded him that there was no reason for me to render an account of my comings and goings, acquaintances or preference in regard to company friends or other occasions. But Carl is such an old pal that I understood his protective feeling, and knew that if I were a man I'd share his prejudices in regard to one Max Headley, of Headley Hata.

So I explained how Mr. Headley had called at Virginia's to get references regarding Lyons. I went on to relate how Anthony Norrey had stepped in and engaged Lyons in a way most satisfactory to me and my interest in my protégé, but most humiliating and maddening to Max Headley, who'd taken it pretty well, all things considered.

Carl heaved a funny sigh which suggested relief.

"I might have known you'd not take any interest but a helpful, charitable one in the old idiot," he said. "And now, since you seem in a hurry to be away, I'm not going to start off as a tyrant who interferes with your plans. You'll be in Monday morning?"

I agreed to do that and then hurried stopping for a sandwich and coffee at a drug store, and rushed across the car line which would carry me to Jim's office. I'd been afraid to communicate with Miss Storvick over the telephone, but I was anxious to tell her the news of the arrest of Dick West's accomplice, and to beg her again to guard all important papers with the utmost care as long as Dick West's whereabouts were unknown. I wanted, moreover,

GO BACK TO SCHOOL

By W. A. McKeever

Widely Known Lecturer and Author and a National Authority on Juvenile Problems.

JUST now, at the approaching of the new term, many thousands of youths are faltering seriously on the subject of further attendance at school. My advice is, by all means go back to the class room.

It may for the time being seem easy to hold down a job and to earn all the money you appear to need. But that will prove only a temporary arrangement. Sooner or later your lack of schooling may come up and slap you squarely in the face. You will see educated young men passing over your head, while you remain on some dead level of accomplishment.

So many young men have an entirely wrong idea of the common school course. They imagine its purpose is to learn something you can at once take out into the world and sell or turn into direct profit. But that is a cheap, short-sighted view of the matter.

Up till you are twenty-one or more you must think of the best school as a place to grow into a fuller and deeper knowledge of the world and its affairs. In the school you may study a little, read much, discuss hundreds of things, and thus acquire a fondness for knowledge. Finally, you grow an ambition to be somebody and to do something worth while.

Young men are often surprised when I tell them that almost any kind of progressive school is good enough. While you are still young and impressionable you simply need some agency to stimulate your interest in things worth while and self-improvement.

A common high school, a school of craftsmanship with some cultural subjects like English and history included, a business college that holds up high ideals—really one of these can be found to fit you. Make haste to get into it.

Yes, I know you are interested in making money and getting ahead financially. That is precisely what is thought of in this admonition to go back to school. The general growth of your mind, the deeper grasp of some additional subjects, the better knowledge of how to get on with people, the new, manifold vision of a larger and more independent career—these are the subtle forces which the school course quietly organizes within you, issuing finally in a personality which can go out and command bigger wages and a far happier relation to business.

So you see, my boy, I want you to go to school—not so much to master certain subjects and to obtain some grades, but to learn how to master yourself. Do not grow your hands on the world of prowess about you. Do not grow bitter with envy at other young men who succeed through education. Resolve to get into the moving procession yourself and learn to keep step with the best of them.

Force yourself back into school, my boy.

FOR LOVE

By Ruby M. Ayres

"I'm afraid I've been listening," she said composedly, though there was a hectic flush on her face and her eyes looked feverish.

"And, father—you're quite wrong if you—if you think that Philip is loving me. It is my wish, too. We—both of us—think that it is the best thing—that we should both be free—quite free—for the present, at least."

She turned to her husband. "That is so, isn't it?" she asked, raising her voice a little. "Tell father that it is the wish of us both that you should go."

The moments had been terrible to her while she stood there in the doorway. She had had no intention of eavesdropping. She had known that her father was there and had come in quite naturally to see intervention and the strained, sick look on her flushed face.

He had never been a very discerning man. He was content, as a rule, to take things at their face value; if anyone said a thing, he believed it. He did not know enough about women to know also that when a woman is lying, she often appears to be most truthful.

Eva had said that it had been her wish that he should go to South Africa! Very well. He believed it and accepted her words as a final dismissal. He walked over to the fireplace, keeping his back turned to his father-in-law.

Mr. Dennison spoke to him sharply: "You hear what my daughter says! Is this the truth?"

"Yes."

Mr. Dennison was nonplussed. He had not expected so tame an acquiescence.

"Fumph! Well, I call it disgraceful! Abominable! I've never had a smirch on my name till now. I've always walked upright, and kept my name clean." His face grew apoplectic once more.

"And to think that I ever thought it an honor for my daughter to marry a Winterdick!" he broke out in sudden passion.

Mr. Dennison shook his daughter's hand away.

"I'm not talking to you, my girl, but to Philip here. I've kept my share of the bargain like a honorable man, which is more than he has done, or is likely to do from what I can see of it."

Philip swung round, his eyes blazing in his white face.

"You shall apologize for that!" he said hoarsely. "Apologize, I say, or—"

"Philip!" Eva was between the two men. "Philip! Your mother will hear—and the servants! Every one! Oh, father, please, please go away and leave us alone."

Mr. Dennison looked at his daughter.

"That's right! Turn your father out of the house now there's nothing more to be got out of him," he said in an injured voice. "I can go now if you wish."

He picked up his hat and strode to the door. "It's the last time I shall trouble either of you," he said melodramatically as he opened it.

Eva had sunk down into a chair, her hands clasped in her lap. Every now and then a great shudder shook her from head to foot.

She wondered dully what Philip would say; if he at all realized what it had cost her so to defend him, if he would be at all grateful to her, or sorry for her.

She was past hoping for a kind word from him, but there was even a sort of faint curiosity in her mind as to what attitude he would take now. Then all at once he spoke, without looking at her, without even seeming to address her. "How do you propose to work it?" he asked. "Have you got that mapped out, too? I've often wondered how these things are managed. Are you going to wait till I've gone and then sue for desertion? Is that it? I promise not to put in a defense."

His voice quivered with passion.

"Why don't you answer? Why don't you say something?"

"There's nothing to say."

Her white lips just formed the words; she was wondering how much longer it would be before the thread of her endurance snapped; this last insult, so undeserved, so unexpected, had struck her to the soul.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

A Lover on Trial.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Some months ago I met a young lady. I was my love at first sight. That is precisely what I proposed and met her parents.

After going about with her a short time I unintentionally disappointed her several times. She has refused to see me and her parents refuse to allow her to see me.

After five weeks without seeing her, I succeeded in making an appointment, and she has decided to give me another chance.

Will you please advise me what to do in order to show her folks that I am in earnest?

L.

WHY don't you write the girl's mother a letter telling her that the engagements you broke caused no one more regret than they gave you. Ask frankly if you may not have another chance to prove that your friendship is fine and of worth-while calibre. Unless there is some obstacle of which you have not spoken, I don't see why the girl's people need hold on to their prejudices so firmly and desperately.



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